

THE TIGER

MARCH, 1907

H.B. PUNTSCH '10

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THE TIGER

THE CALIFORNIA SCHOOL
of
MECHANICAL ARTS

SAN FRANCISCO

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The Tiger

CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

VOL. IV

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No. 3

In Walnut Vale

All the people of Walnut Vale and the surrounding country were at a dance at the Woods. The main room of the cabin had been cleared of its furnishings and the pine floor creaked under the tread of shuffling feet.

Miriam Collins and Jack Blake were the leaders of the party. They danced together again and again; they sat on the bench in the yard and they walked to the spring together for a draught of water. Miriam was beyond doubt the belle of the settlement. In beauty and spirit she surpassed every other girl in the Vale. She could plow all day and dance half the night without looking any the worse, and it was known throughout the country that she could have her pick of the young men of the settlement. But her lovers had dwindled down to two, Jack Blake and Peter Hardy. They were both desperately in love with her and their rivalry had almost broken their life-long friendship. Miriam first favored one and then the other, but to-night she showed such decided preference to Blake that Hardy felt an intense hatred filling his heart. He did not dance at all, but hung about the door with a dark scowl on his face.

The night wore on and Hardy's anger increased. Seeing Miriam alone at the

spring he hastily went to her.

"What's the matter with you to-night, Miriam?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know what you're talking about, Peter, but I do want a gourd of water."

Peter sighed, filled the gourd and gave it to her in silence. She drank heartily, dropped the gourd and started to go to the cabin, when Peter pleaded:

"Don't go to the house yet."

"Oh, I'm tired," she replied, but turned back to the spring.

"You don't keer anything for Jack, though, do you, Miriam? You have not forgot what you told me when we went to Rock Castle, have you?"

Miriam looked at him and smiled.

"Oh, don't tell me, I never mean half what I say," she hastily cried.

Hardy's face clouded with jealous anger as he stammered:

"Miriam, you'll make me do something terrible yet. I love you—don't—don't treat me like a dog. I—I— can't stand it."

Somebody called to her from the fence.

"That's Jack now."

"And you are goin' to him," said Peter with a pale face.

"Yes, I'm going to him. He don't pester me to death as **you** do," she re-

plied, though there was a sympathetic gleam in her eyes.

She left Peter and spent the rest of the evening with Jack.

The party being over, Peter asked to accompany her home, and he could scarcely contain his rage when she refused his company to accept Jack Blake's. How hurt he felt as the crowd left to see her walking off with Jack. The slight cut to his soul. When the party had left he mounted his mule and rode swiftly through the Vale towards the town on the river, where the revenue officers were stationed. A fierce temptation had assailed and conquered him. Revenge would be sweet, he thought. The revenue men would be glad to know where Jack Blake concealed his distillery and would be better pleased to get Jack himself. Just a line on a piece of paper, unsigned, dropped in the court house would be sufficient for them, and no one would know who did it.

It was morning when Peter Hardy again entered Walnut Vale on his return from the town. He looked haggard and cold as he sat languidly on his mule. He was tall and usually held himself very erect for a mountaineer. He had a rather fine face, with a soft, dark beard, and his eyes were a deep blue. He did not look like a traitor or a coward as he sat there, and yet he secretly felt that he could be justly called so, for repentance had followed quickly upon his rash betrayal of his friend. Viewed in the clear, cold morning when jealousy and anger had vanished, the deed appeared base to the last degree. According to the mountaineers a man could not do a meaner thing than betray a comrade to the revenue men. No wonder Peter Hardy felt like hiding his face; no wonder he groaned in anguish of soul. He had lost his own self-respect.

He raised his eyes, mounted his mule and proceeded on his way through the

Vale to his house. He was proceeding slowly on his way when from a near by field he heard a sweet voice singing. Looking up he saw Miriam at the plow. She looked over the fence at him with a smile.

"Good morning, Peter," she cried. "You look as if you had been out all night."

"I have."

"What for? At the 'stillery?" Her voice dropped a key.

"No."

"Are you mad, Peter?"

"No, I ain't mad now, Miriam."

"Well, what makes you look so strange?"

"I was mad last night, but good-bye, Miriam," he said gently.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything last night, Peter," she hastily said, sobered by the gravity of his voice and manner.

But he rode on, while she stood gazing at him.

"He is mad, or somethin's happened. I never seen him look like he does."

She again began to plow, but she sang no more than morning.

Peter Hardy and his mother lived on the outskirts of the Vale, and to get there Peter had to pass Jack Blake's house. As he drew near Jack's house he saw him coming down the road.

"Just gettin' home?" inquired Jack.

"Yes."

"Oh, what girl is it now, one of the Woods?"

Peter flushed, but let the rude joke pass.

"Where are you goin', to the mill?"

"Yes, I'm going to build a house and get married soon," he said with a joyous laugh.

It grated on Peter. He could only think of one thing. "To-morrow he'll be in prison and Miriam will cry her eyes out."

"You'll not be at the 'stillery tonight?" he inquired stammeringly.

"Yes I will; but what's the matter? What ails you?"

"Oh, nothing."

Peter rode on, his guilty conscience forbidding him to say any more. He longed to give Jack a hint of danger, but he could not without betraying the whole truth.

Breakfast awaited him as he arrived home and his mother's face lighted up as he darkened the doorway.

"My, but this is a relief," she cried. "I didn't know you were to be out all night."

She watched him anxiously as he ate sparingly of his breakfast. She noticed his haggard look and deep sunken eyes. She questioned him about the party and mentioned Miriam several times, and each time he betrayed some feeling.

Breakfast finished he hastily left the house to get to work. But all the vigor was out of him; it had gone with his hope and courage. It was a day of strange, conflicting thoughts. He had never passed through such an experience in all his life. At last the day passed and evening began to descend.

After supper he took down his gun and carefully loaded it. His mother watched him anxiously and inquired:

"Where are you goin', Peter?"

"Down to the 'stillery."

"Well, be keerful and keep an eye open for the raiders."

He went out, but turned on the doorstep to speak to her.

"If anything does happen," he said, "you'll be prepared for it."

She sighed and her wrinkled face quivered with emotion.

Peter shouldered his gun and disappeared in the darkness. He followed the road for a short distance, but soon turned into a trail leading over the ridge. He felt that the raiders would surely come before moonrise. He proceeded till he

came to a small cabin where Jack lived. Two large dogs greeted his approach by deep growls and a woman came out.

"Any of the men folks in?" Peter asked.

"No; Jack has gone to the 'stillery and Pa has gone to town; but won't you come in?"

"Not to-night. I thought I'd see Jack before he had started."

He turned away, following the trail through the ravine. He heard the snapping of twigs ahead of him and whistled softly. He ran forward a few paces and then stumbled over a prostrate man.

"Jack," he whispered, peering into the upturned face.

"The raiders they tied me and are looking for Jed."

It took but a moment to cut the thongs which bound him, but he had hardly risen before the revenue men were down upon them. Peter snatched his gun and leaped between Jack and his foes.

"Quick, get out of the way if you can," he cried to Jack, and fired at the officers.

It was early the next morning as Miriam was sitting on her doorstep when a neighbor rode up and hailed her father.

"Heard about the raid last night?"

"No," exclaimed Mr. Collins, hastening to the fence. "Who'd they get?"

Miriam's face grew white and her lower lip caught between her clenched teeth.

"It seems they'd caught Jack Blake and were looking for Jed when up came Peter and set Jack free. He hadn't more than done it when up came the officers, and Jack says Peter fought them off till he cleared out.

"Well, well. He'd better looked after himself."

"You needn't look so skeered, Miriam," he said, raising his voice. "Jack's safe."

"Oh, yes; Jack's safe. I'm only thinking what might of happened to him." She

then gathered up her work and rushed hastily into the house.

* * * *

A man with loose-hanging clothes and leaning on a stick walked slowly along the road toward Walnut Vale. Spring was all about him. His eyes wandered over many scenes familiar to him, yet long unvisited. Once he stooped and drank from a clear stream.

"Oh, that's good. I haven't had anything like that for four years."

He sat down on a fallen tree trunk to rest. A market wagon came along and in the driver the man recognized an old neighbor.

"Good morning, Mr. Rick."

Rick started and then leaped from his wagon.

"Why, why, it's Peter Hardy, ain't it?"

"Yes, what's left of him," said Peter, shaking hands with his old friend.

"Well, you do look sick."

"Yes, it's the prison life what done it, but I don't want to think of it no more. They didn't treat me bad, but anyway it was awful."

Rick sympathized with him.

Peter longed to ask some questions, yet he dreaded to. At last he plucked up courage.

"How is mother?"

"Oh, pretty well."

"Jack Blake is married, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes, he married two years ago."

Of course he had expected that answer, but still it caused him pain.

"I'd better be goin'," he said.

"Your ma has moved to the Wood place; the Woods moved to town last year."

Married; it hurt him, but why shouldn't they. That was why he had saved Jack Blake. He had known it ever since the night of the dance, but never had

been able to think of Miriam being Jack's wife.

It was dusk when he reached the Woods house. He crept across the yard to look into the room. A fire was burning in the grate and his mother was knitting, while another woman was leaning over the fire. Suddenly she stood erect. He caught his breath, for it was Miriam Collins, Jack's wife. What could it mean? Had they taken his mother to live with them. He listened intently, for Miriam was speaking.

"I'll go to the spring now and get some water and then we'll have supper," she said.

His eyes dwelt upon her with admiration and despair. He loved her as much as ever. She stepped out of the house and went to the spring. He followed her, determined to find out why she was in his mother's house. Miriam stooped to get some water, and looking up she saw Peter.

"Peter! Peter!" she cried as she sprang toward him. "I said you'd come."

"Don't—I—where is Jack?" he stammered.

"I don't know. What do you want to think of him for now?"

"Ain't you Jack's wife?"

She fell back startled.

"Did you think I'd marry him? Why, I loved you all along."

"Is that why you are with my mother?"

"Yes; I've been with her all the time."

"It was all my fault the raiders came."

"Yes, I know that, but don't hate me for making you suffer so. It seemed like fun then, but I've been paid back," she said.

He felt dazed. Miriam free, and loving him! Life thrilled through him again.

"Who did Jack marry?"

"Oh, he married the Woods girl."

They slowly walked back to the house where his mother was waiting.

The Codicil

"Hum! This is all? Well, you may go now, Mr. Farmer. I will turn the property over to you to-morrow," and so saying the Lawyer bowed his visitor out.

He returned to his desk and sat looking at the papers before him. He was worried and kept hunting through them again and again. He was looking for a codicil to the will of his old friend, Judge Lawson, which he had hoped to find among the old papers.

Presently a tall woman entered. She had a beautiful face, showing character and refinement, while her dress indicated a person in reduced circumstances. On looking at the Lawyer she read her disappointment in his face.

The Lawyer was sorry for her, as he had known her from childhood and had befriended her, after her falling out with her father, the stern Judge Lawson, some fifteen years before. She was a Mrs. Kenten, a widow, now; but to him she was still the quick-tempered, lovely girl he had known in her father's house years before.

"I am so sorry," he said, on greeting her. "I had hoped to give you better news when you arrived here, but so far I have found nothing but a blank wall."

Mrs. Kenten smiled wearily. "I have not given up," she said. "Although at present things look hopeless, I am surer than ever that Jack Farnet, whom I hate to call cousin, knows more than he pretends, having lived those last years right in the house with father. For see this which I found among the things in that old trunk of father's which you were so kind as to send me," and so saying she handed him an old book, her father's notes. Many pages were missing, but she turned to a place near the end and read:

"Jan. 30th. Spent evening with my

old friend, Berton. Can't sleep thinking of the many things he said. Maybe he is right. I was too harsh, perhaps," and there the page was torn.

"This only proves to me what I have thought for a long time," Berton said as he gave the book back to her.

"I remember that night as if it were yesterday, and how I hoped that things would at last straighten out between you and him.

"But, come," he continued, "it is late and that small boy of yours will not thank me for keeping you. You have said nothing to Lawson about this? No? Well, it is best, especially as he is so much with little Miss Helen Farnet. Too bad her father is not like her, isn't it? I am glad she is too young to understand or appreciate her father's greed for wealth."

Mrs. Kenten smiled as she gave him her hand in farewell, and said: "I wonder Jack Farnet has not found the children out long ago, but perhaps he does not remember my name. Good-bye, and remember you dine with us on Friday."

On the following Friday afternoon, when the Carton Grammar School had closed for the day, two children left a lingering group who were talking about the evening's frolic to come and hurried up the hill homeward.

"Say, Helen, can't you go with me to-night to Madge's party?"

"I don't know, Lawson, I will try to, but papa is cross and does not want me to go," so saying she relieved him of her books and with a smile of thanks ran in.

Lawson Kenten trudged on homeward, and then remembering that his dear friend, Lawyer Berton, was to be there for dinner, hurried faster.

Lawson had a delightful time with the lawyer before mother brought in dinner

and wished he hadn't promised to go to Madge's in the evening.

Helen had eaten alone in the big house, as her father did not come in until late. She wished that Lawson and his lovely mother, who had taken the lonely girl to her heart, were there with her.

When her father came in she hurried to ask him for permission to go, and was still with him when Lawson called for her. But her father sent her away with the remark that she could not go and that he would make her excuses to the boy who had called for her.

Helen had a hard time holding back the tears, but she was a plucky little maid of twelve and used to hiding her childish griefs from her unsympathetic father. So, on second thought, she hurried up to her room and went to the old desk standing in the corner.

It was a quaint old piece of furniture and she had not had it long, as it was the last gift to her from her grand-uncle, Judge Lawson. It had been his for many years, but he had been at last prevailed upon to replace it with a new one shortly before his death. Helen held it now as a treasured possession.

She could not find an empty sheet of paper in her hurry, but in brushing her hand over the side of the cabinet she pressed a small spring and a drawer, whose presence was unexpected by her, flew open. Helen saw several papers, and as she supposed them blank, wrote her note to Lawson.

She placed it in her maid's hand and bade her hurry down and give it to him. Lawson was just leaving and so thrust it

into his pocket and hurried to the nearest light.

You can imagine his surprise when on looking at it he saw his mother's name and signed by what in the uncertain light he took to be his own signature.

As he had to pass near his home to get to Madge's he went in so as to better read the puzzling letter.

On hearing him enter his mother looked up.

"Why, what is the matter?" she cried.

"Nothing, mother, only Helen can't go and I am trying to read her funny letter. See."

He held it out to her and after reading it she said:

"I see nothing funny in that, dear." But in handing it back she caught a glimpse of the other side. Looked, started, and read. Then said, as she gave it to the lawyer, "Just as we were about to give up it is strange we should have found it in this way."

It was the missing codicil, dated January 31, leaving the family home and wealth not to the nephew, but to Mrs. Kenten, and with a goodly share to his small grand-niece, Helen.

Mr. Farnet was so disgusted when he heard that the codicil was found and that Helen had had a hand in discovering it that he left to make his home elsewhere, and did not even stay to object to Mrs. Kenten assuming the care of Helen; thus relieving an unjust man of what was a burden to him and at the same time replacing his ill-gotten wealth with its rightful owners.

Elizabeth Bridge, '08.

Loafer

It was second winter in the Klondike regions. During this time I had made a number of friends from my acquaintances. One in particular had formed an everlasting friendship with me, but this year he had been obliged to go to the States.

Before leaving, knowing my fondness for dogs he gave me as a parting remembrance a little Alaskan puppy. It was only a small red-brown bit of soft long hair, but it was a thoroughbred Alaskan.

The contract with the Government for carrying the mail over a very poor trail forced me to make use of a good lead dog. And a leader's blood was in this dog.

As soon as he was old enough to pull a small sled around, he was harnessed up to one and allowed to run around the camp all day. This is the way they are broken in. At night he would come back to be unharnessed and fed, then with the instinct the North gives her beasts of burden, he would go and dig a hole in the snow and sleep.

It is not an easy task to make friends with a dog who is a brother to the lone wolf. When once attained the bond is very strong. Little by little he grew more friendly and stayed around me more and in this way we learned to love each other. On the trail when one does not see a human being for days, he has to make friends with these animals who are as intelligent as some people.

When a pup he was not as active as they usually are, and it seemed as if he would be a loafer, and so gained for himself this name.

By the time the mail-carrying was resumed he had grown to be a grand specimen of the so-called Siwash dog. The long, soft hair of his coat was a very

rich brown with a few tinges of red in it. He was large and well-proportioned with thick-set but muscular legs. His beautiful bushy tail curled gracefully over his back. The timber wolf was most plainly marked in his face. The small bright eyes showed all the changes of his feelings. When angered, his lip would lift and the set teeth appear, and his hair all a-bristle, he would snarl so terribly that it sent fear to the heart of any intruder. With this snarling and the fighting power to back it he soon made himself master in his realm.

Not only on account of this, but for his intelligence was he picked as the leader of my dog team. He seemed to have been born for a leader, for going over the trail quickly taught him the best ways of running his team.

One day after fighting and whipping the best dogs of the camp, for something was wrong if they didn't have a few fights a day, he came home to be fed. I threw him a bone, as I had done quite often. It happened that a band of three crows had been watching this from a near-by tree and planned a way to get this bone.

They flew down, two in front of him, the other in back. The two in front began hopping around and when they got too near he would snap at them. Then the one in back picked him. This made Loafer mad and he turned around to get the offender. As soon as this was done the two in front flew away with the bone. This was the first and last time any animal got the best of him. When he turned and saw me laughing Loafer's chagrin was still worse, and he ran off for the night with his tail between his legs.

The course between the two towns over which the mail was carried was about four hundred miles long, and at intervals of about thirty miles are resting places for both man and team. It was after leaving one of these stations that Loafer showed his skill in running his team. The night before it snowed very heavily, which made it very hard to keep on the trail.

Long after leaving all human habitations out of sight and as we were going at a good pace I noticed the queer actions of the leader. Soon he stopped and put his nose high in the air. As the distance of these two station houses was of unusual length I tried to urge the team along. The leader would not go. Then he began feeling the snow at different points, making the largest circle the line which held him would allow. Immediately I knew we were off the trail. His fine sense of touch or smell had told him this. "Well, Loafer, you will have to find the trail," I said. Then, looking into my eyes, he all but said he understood.

Looking around and seeing the broad expanse of nothing but snow and a few trees here and there, I realized my peril. Then thoughts of the many who were in the same fix and the horrors of starvation and the freezing to death of the many travelers lost in the same way flashed

across my mind. As Loafer looked into my eyes he seemed to read these thoughts. After a few words of encouragement he again looked for the trail.

During this time we had, no doubt, gone a good ways off the trail. Soon the breeze that was blowing brought Loafer a whiff from the trail. It must have been very faint for none of the team caught it. Loafer had a very fine sense of smell. Quickly he got the team to its feet. Then he started at nearly right angles to the course we were taking. Where would we have been were it not for Loafer? We would have been going in a direction which would have meant death to all. After going about half a mile we again reached the trail. Of this I was not aware until we had gone a short distance when the snow seemed hard in places. Trusting the team to Loafer, we went on in this way for some time, when at last we were glad to get in sight of the next station.

It was a small, well-built log cabin surrounded by a few trees. In front sat the team which was to carry the mail next. There also stood their master who had long awaited our arrival. This scene and our greeting will long be remembered and Loafer's noble deed made him a hero.

Charles Kuchel, '08.

Becalmed in the Straits of Magellan

The packet ship, *Alleghaney*, set out from New York heavily laden with a general cargo for the miners of California. The route we set out to follow was the one around the Horn, as that was the shortest one at that time.

Everything went well until we neared Cape Horn, when the captain, thinking that by passing through the dangerous Straits of Magellan, we would save time in place of going around the Cape, gave orders for the ship to be turned toward

the Straits. The Straits are not a very pleasant place in which a ship could be becalmed, as there are rocks, cliffs and coves on each side.

When we were about one-third of the way through the wind ceased blowing and we found that we were becalmed in what seemed to be a deep ravine, bordered by mountains of stone.

The order was given to raise all the sails so as to have them set when the wind should rise. So we waited.

Some of the sailors amused themselves by catching albatross and then letting them go again. When they tired of such sport they told yarns and fish stories in the forecabin of the ship.

We expected the wind to rise toward evening, but were greatly disappointed. The boat drifted onward during the night. During the day the boat moved on with the tide.

About 10 o'clock in the morning of the fourth day the captain rushed down to the forecabin with the news that something very queer had been sighted ahead of us. Sailors are very superstitious and this news naturally produced in them a feeling of awe.

We each took our turn in peering at the cause of our uneasiness. The captain said it was the "Flying Dutchman," the phantom ship which is dreaded by all sailors even to this day. We finally agreed that this ship, perfectly destitute of sails one minute, with sails all set the next, was none other than the "Flying Dutchman."

The air was heavy, stifling, gloomy, and still, and remained so the greater part of the afternoon. We did not lose sight of the phantom, as it remained in the same position.

About 3 o'clock on this same afternoon the captain became very uneasy and ordered all sails to be furled.

After we had finished furling the royals, the top-most sail, we saw to the

rear of the ship a snow-white cloud, or mist, which stretched as far as we could see and approached us with great rapidity.

"All hands lay low!" shouted the captain. Just as we reached the deck the cyclone struck the ship, carrying with it every thread of sail on the masts.

The water was one mass of seething foam. Four men were placed at the wheel to keep the ship in its course. The other sailors lay on the deck to keep themselves from being blown away or washed off by the high waves. The ship heeled before the wind.

We soon reached the Pacific, where the waves were enormous. Many of the waves swept over the deck and tried to take everything movable or immovable with them.

While we were busy pumping water from the hold the following day an enormous wave swept over the deck, knocking me over before I could reach a place of safety. This time the wave loosened all the barrels and kegs which were fastened to the deck.

I was washed about the deck and finally found myself in the lee scuppers with all the barrels and small kegs which were lucky enough not to have been washed off altogether. When I was rescued from my unpleasant position I found that I had a broken arm as a token of my unexpected adventure.

We did not see that ship again, but we heard afterwards that it was no phantom, but a ship which had been becalmed as we had been. The ship was evidently in a place where there was a heavy swell, and the motion due to the swell caused the ship to appear as it did.

The high waves gradually ceased. New sails were made and set on the yards again. We reached San Francisco with no further mishaps of any importance.

Ada Roos, '07.

Castles in the Air

I liked the old vase. There was something peculiarly strange about it. This vase of quaint design, a play of colors, an unusual twining of figures and queer flowers. A touch of Moorish, but more of the Arabesque style. It was not highly colored nor its designs complicated. The pale brownish-red background had on it a caravan of camels, laden with baggage, and some few travelers bound for a fertile oasis dimly outlined in the distance.

A quaint design surely for a vase, and the enamel of a high glaze was cracked in several places. Evidently it had belonged to one of those schools of Arabian pottery lost ages ago with the vast co-extinct civilization.

Yesterday I bought the vase—bought it for a song—and taking it home with me (handling it, oh, so carefully, for the enamel was cracked), placed it on a little, curiously carved, highly scented, hardwood table, where the arc light would have more play upon the dull contrast of the colors. I piled the great logs on the fire before me. The flames leapt up the great chimney. They roared, they howled, they sighed. The vase threw great shadows on my precious tapestry. These shadows danced to the howling of the flames and I sat dreaming, dreaming, and drinking the weird atmosphere of the mysticism which the vase threw about me, until enmeshed completely in the enchantment of the spell. I saw only the figures on the vase and again I dreamed and dreamed.

A curl of thin blue smoke arose from the vase. It stirred slightly as if moved by a light breeze. It swayed faster and faster, and fantastically it twined and intertwined about the vase until it was lost entirely from sight.

The wind whistled and shrieked. The smoke, first pungent and soft, now hard and sharp, filled my eyes and mouth. I could not breathe. I choked. I staggered. The enamel on the vase cracked and fell in all directions and I found myself conscious in the fullest degree in the midst of a blinding sandstorm.

I struggled it seemed for hours, but finally the storm subsided and I found myself on the edge of a large oasis extending onward further than the eye could reach. In the distance a stream flowed out and lost itself in the hot sands of the desert.

Strangely enough, all this seemed natural to me, but at the same time there was a peculiar feeling of duality in my breast. Myself to whom the present situation was a puzzle questioning some other co-related spirit or some sub-conscious subdivision of my change to whom the present situation was a reality. My struggles with the storm had exhausted me—a wild dream induced by hypnosis, or else a transposition through the centuries caused by some mystical force over which I had no influence.

But I also knew that I was thirsty, very thirsty and tired, so I made my way as best I could to the stream.

The stream rippled on as one silvery thought makes its way smoothly through a troubled brain. I knelt by its banks and stooped to take a drink, but started back startled by the queer reflection which fell in the clear stream.

It was the sturdy form of a young Arabian warrior, clad in the costume peculiar to those regions. The dark, black, piercing eyes of his manly countenance were set far beneath a high forehead, and the meshes of a high white

turban were coiled artistically round about his head.

I continued to gaze into the stream as a petrified image. I gazed into the stream in wonder. It is I but changed in some manner by some supernal power.

I was spellbound. A mist hung as a veil or gauze between the past and present. It was impossible to recognize or distinguish anything looking back through the veil of mist overhanging the past, and the present situation seemed unreal.

I sat long and lone dreaming beside the marvelous stream. The sun was just on the verge of falling below the parallel horizon of the great stretch of sand, when the sound of footsteps fell upon my ear, breaking the silence which reigned throughout this strange yet almost familiar place.

I turned to see a fair Arabian maiden coming toward me clad also in strange attire after the customs of the people. She came toward me in a most friendly manner.

I looked at her and it seemed as if I had seen the face before, but where was another question which I could not answer. She came nearer, extending both hands. I sprang to my feet and stepped forward to greet her. She was beautiful and I could not take my eyes from her. She said she knew me but I

knew not from whence she came nor when nor where we had met before.

She seemed nervous and in great haste and she told me hurriedly how she had made this momentary escape from the caravan to come to the river edge and how she longed to be freed from the clutches that bound her so securely.

I offered my assistance and promised her that on the following night at the same time I would meet her here with two horses and that we would ride away together. She promised, saying she could escape by bribing the guard. She could tarry no longer, so turned and with a motion of the hand bade me good-bye.

I was alone once more and had time to think over what had happened. As I thought my courage failed me. I realized I was spellbound. I knew things of the past were blotted from memory. I was not the same as in the past and should the spell break and pass over I would find myself bound to one whom I probably did not know.

The more I thought the more puzzled I grew, until finally I dropped off into a deep sleep and awoke to find it was far into the gray of the morning.

The fire was a bed of black coals and the vase had fallen apart and lay crumbled in a heap on the table.

Rose Little, '09.

Held for Ransom

Jack Wolfred and I, students of the Mining College, University of C——, were now on our vacation, prospecting in the mountains of Mexico.

We, being two restless young men, had wandered away from the rest of the party while they were pitching camp for the

night. While wandering about a canyon we came upon two human hands nailed to a post near the path we were following. We paid no particular heed to them, knowing that the Yaquis had raided the country some weeks before, but perhaps had not gone more than a hundred yards

from the place when we heard a rustling of the underbrush, and two Indians in full war paint sprang upon us.

The Indians bound and gagged us, which made it impossible to give warning to the camp. We were put on the backs of mules and traveled this way until sunrise, when we arrived at what seemed to be a cone of an extinct volcano. We were lowered some fifty feet to the floor of the crater, where we found ourselves in an Indian camp. Here was a prison not easy to get out of, especially with redskins watching.

I was put in a small hut by myself, Jack being led in an opposite direction, the reason for which I soon found out. We were to be questioned separately about the rest of the party. They then relieved my clothes of all valuables, but to my good luck or Indian curiosity in seeing a white man, they overlooked a small powder pouch in the inside pocket of my coat.

The next morning we were given apparent freedom of the camp, and the greetings exchanged by Jack and I must have made the natives think we were crazy. But they made no effort to keep us apart, thinking our prison secure.

"This is a nice hole we have got ourselves into," was Jack's first statement. And so it was if we had to stay here until ransom was paid.

I had noticed that the others did not come down that inch rope elevator on which we had dropped. So our first effort was to find a ledge or crevice on which we could make our escape.

Jack found what was probably the only means of escape and we decided to try it that night, knowing that delay was dangerous for our skins.

After the camps were quiet we stole from the hut to the place we were to begin our ascent. But Jack had not been careful enough with his discovery, for two husky Indians guarded the pass. We were now satisfied that this was the entrance to the crater. But without firearms, which would make too much noise if we had them, strategy was the only move.

Our plan was to set a hut on fire and get away without being seen. But Jack thought this was not enough. He got two large pumpkins, hollowed them out and cut eyes and nose out, while I made a fuse with the powder in my pouch. Jack had found some scheme to keep a light in the pumpkins, so we were fixed ready to start.

I spread my makeshift fuse along the ground and lighted it. Then we made our way to the ledge, where we concealed ourselves in the tall grass close to the guards. Here we waited for our chance.

Suddenly from out of the darkness the flames shot up. The guards ran to see the whites get burnt, and it was not long before we were climbing out of the crater.

We could see from the demonstrations of the Yaquis that they thought the evil spirits had got the best of us. If we were to be pursued at all it would not be until morning when the Indians found the charred remains of the pumpkins.

But once out we decided not to be recaptured, so instead of going south to our camp, we went north to the United States boundary. We arrived there safe and telegraphed south to stop the paying of ransom.

Alfred Rodda, '07.

The Making of a Sunday Newspaper

Not many people take time to think how a Sunday newspaper of a great city is put together. Even the few who do think about it suppose that it is done by machinery, as in this age of invention it is very natural to think everything is done by metal hands.

"Inserting" the Sunday magazines is all done by hand. "Inserting" is putting the different sections, such as the comic, sporting, and editorial, into the colored, or magazine, section, which is always on the outside of every Sunday paper. This work is chiefly done by the men who frequent the race track. The inserting at night makes it quite convenient to all classes of inserters. In a few months they become so expert that they can insert about a thousand an hour.

These men are the scum of the race track and are the most disreputable creatures imaginable. It is no exaggeration to call them creatures, though, of course, there are some exceptions. But the majority have seen their best days. The old sweaters, dirty and misshapen, the greasy clothes, the haggard faces, all go to show the evils of the turf. In direct contrast with these persons are the high school boys, joking and laughing. They work alongside of these men as though it did not matter who they are as long as the work remains lively.

On Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock the inserting of the postal cards begins, and lasts for about five hours. In this work they "fill" the comic section, which is always printed about two weeks ahead of time, with a card on which is printed four views of San Francisco's ruins. These postal cards are intended to be cut into four sections, each with a view of some kind on it.

Friday night the work begins at 7, and the last boat carries the boys home. The

men stay and take the Saturday daily off the press and tie up bundles of papers to be sent away. The work for this night is to fill the comic, which was finished on Wednesday, into the magazine or color, as it is generally called.

The real work is done on Saturday night when the news proper is inserted. The editorials are printed on Saturday afternoon and insertions of this section takes a couple of hours. By that time the presses are running off the sporting section. This is generally made up of twelve or sixteen pages. Before 12 o'clock there is one more section turned out, "black," as they call it. When this last section is finished the inserters knock for breakfast. They are allowed half an hour for this.

At 1 o'clock another boss comes on to stay till the paper is out Sunday morning. The first thing that comes off the press now is Oakland, "four-page." This only runs for about an hour and then Oakland "news" comes off. At about 3 o'clock all Oakland papers go over in the lamah and are inserted at the branch office.

Generally the paper is off the press and inserted by 8 o'clock. But sometimes there is an accident, such as the breaking of a small part of the mechanism or defects in the paper rolls.

Toward the end of the night every little while an inserter will be seen going to the door to look toward the east. When it begins to get light there is a decided difference in the speed of the men and boys. They know the end of their work is near and they begin to look forward to Wednesday, their pay day, when the stimulant for their work appears, "The Almighty Dollar."

—Archibald Butler, '08.

Practical Education

Mr. Toastmaster, Vice-President and Fellow Educators: I use the word "advisedly." For it has been truly said that "He who brings in two thoughts where there was only one before, is a teacher."

Practical Education appeals to me, because for the last ten years, I have been trying to work out in the schools, in which I have been interested and with the teachers with whom I have been associated, some of the problems that you are working out in your grand schools.

A practical education is the only education that is worth while. There is nothing educational that is not practical, and there is nothing practical that is not educational; for education is power, and power must be applied to be worth anything, and the man or woman who has power and applies it, must apply it to his or her environment.

It is necessary that people have more than a technical education, to be successful in this world. You must be able to make an impression upon the minds of people. You must be able to move among them. Practical education is coming to be a necessity.

Teach our boys and girls the practical side of economy and environment. What is it? It is the everlasting problem of getting food, clothing and shelter. The object of the educator should be to train the thousands who are struggling along in this age, to know better how to get food, clothing and shelter, and that is what practical education must do. We must not misconstrue the real definition of education.

Practical education will teach more definite things. The great prevailing key-note of it all in the State of California has been the teaching of our boys and girls something to do. Making their education fit somewhere in life. It is the coming education in the public schools of to-day. You are doing more than you think because you are a living example to the educational

world. You are showing just what can be done.

I had rather have a boy able to do something that will add to the comforts and luxuries of society, than to have him read Greek. I do not mean that I do not want the boy to know something about literature, science, art and music, but combined with this knowledge to do something with his head, heart and hands, that will make him an independent man in this civilized world. I want him to appreciate the strength of the body and mind and to use them in a way that will add to the real material worth of this world. The world is coming to realize that the man who can do things is an educated man—the man on to his job.

There is a great struggle on. I am glad to be associated with those who are helping to solve the problem by making the struggle more equal and intelligent—you men are helping to do it, because you belong to the great number of people who believe in practical education. The field is a glorious one, and I am heartily in sympathy with you. Yours is the coming education in the public schools. It must come because of our national life. It must come because we are in the race for commercial and industrial supremacy.

The boys you are training to-day are the men who to-morrow will open up the very bowels of the Sierras, whose recesses have not been developed and whose wealth has not yet been dreamed of. This is a wonderful age for education. Electricity, compressed air, mechanical devices, etc., will be improved upon in the rising generation by the boys you are gathering in and training to-day.

I am glad and proud to meet with you here to-night and to be called one of your friends.

Extract from speech by Prof. J. H. Francis, Principal Polytechnic School, Los Angeles, at a banquet tendered by the International Correspondence Schools.

When California Was Invaded by Chileans

Few people realize that California was once invaded by Chileans, but in 1818, twenty-eight years before the coming of the victorious "Gringos" under Commodore Sloat, insurgents from Chile and Buenos Ayres, revolting against King Alfonso VII of Spain, ravaged the coast of California and destroyed its old capital at Monterey. Many privateers were sent out by the insurgents to prey upon the Spanish merchantmen, and among these were spies which, sailing as harmless merchantmen, would land men to spy out the fortifications of certain harbors along the coast.

In 1816 a suspicious craft was sighted by the lookout at Point Pinos heading for Monterey Bay, and a few minutes later a horseman was sent into the town to warn the inhabitants. Preparations were quickly made for a fight, but when the vessel dropped anchor off the Custom House it was found to be only a small schooner. As no national flag floated from the masthead it was still an object of suspicion among the Californians, though at first they thought so small a vessel could not do much damage.

However, the captain was ordered ashore through a speaking trumpet to tell his story. He claimed, in broken Spanish, to be a Yankee, and on coming ashore brought an interpreter with him. When questioned, he said that he had come on a long voyage from China and had put in for water. At length it was decided to let him go, and, on being supplied with water, he soon had his sails spread before the wind.

The following year a large vessel bearing the British flag entered the harbor, and its officers pretended to be on an ex-

ploring expedition. At a banquet given them it was noted that the guests took particular notice of the fortifications, and that, together with a fluent use of the Spanish tongue, they were unusually experienced in the use of cigarettes and brandy, even for British sailors. After their departure a cruiser entered the harbor and the captain reported to Governor Sola that he had entertained the "Pirate Bouchard," who had put into Monterey for the purpose of spying the fortifications for a fleet of insurgents which had left Valparaiso bound for California. Governor Sola at once ordered the missionaries to see that the herds of cattle and horses were driven inland, while plate and other valuables were taken from San Francisco to San Jose and from Monterey to Salinas.

Sola's garrison at Monterey contained fifty trained troops, which were added to by volunteers and Indians, who were quite expert with the bow and arrow. With these Sola felt sure that he could hold the garrison against the invaders.

On November 20, 1818, the lookout at Point Pinos reported two vessels heading for the port. One was a large vessel and the other of somewhat smaller build. There was now no doubt that these were the long-looked-for insurgent vessels, which appeared to be the frigates *Argentina* and *Santa Rosa*, under the command of General Hypolite Bouchard.

The next morning Bouchard sent a message to Governor Sola demanding that he revolt against the King of Spain or have the town burned. Sola indignantly refused and at once prepared for the onset.

At daybreak on the 21st the Santa Rosa opened fire on the town and was answered by the fort, under the direction of Manuel Gomez. At first the guns of the fort were trained too high, but at length, when the gunners became better accustomed to the range, they brought better results, as the Santa Rosa before long hoisted a white flag.

At this signal all the guns stopped firing, but had gained no great advantage, as the insurgents were seen to escape from the Santa Rosa in small boats. Added to by large numbers of the crew of the Argentina the whole party made an attempt to land, but were repulsed by great showers of grapeshot, with a loss of thirty killed and wounded.

The night was cold and drizzly, yet the garrison was on the lookout till morning. At 8 o'clock nine boatloads of the insurgents landed in a cove at Point Pinos. Word was at once sent into Monterey and thirty soldiers responded, but were no match for the 400 seamen. After defeating this handful of soldiers they returned to the ships and again sailed into the harbor. Under the cover of the bluffs and a great fire from the ships a large party landed on the site of the present steamship wharf, whereupon they at once marched on the town. The first thing they

did was to haul down the royal standard of Spain and hoist the newly adopted banner of Chile and Buenos Ayres over the capital of California. Governor Sola saw the danger and ordered the cannon spiked and the powder magazines fired, after which he retreated to Salinas, a few miles to the east.

Here they established a base for supplies and recruited a large force of Indians and Spanish from the interior towns. They then marched to Monterey again and harassed the invaders to such an extent that they decided to visit other ports. After ransacking every building they applied the torch to the town, which resulted in every building being destroyed but the Custom House and the Mission San Carlos.

On November 27, 1818, the insurgents departed from Monterey and headed down the coast. They next landed near Santa Barbara and attempted to attack the ranches in the surrounding country, but were driven back to their ships by the soldiers from the Presidio of Santa Barbara. After giving up all hope of having the Californians join them in the revolt against Spain, they sailed back to Valparaiso. And so ended the invasion of California by Chileans.

Malcolm W. Steel, '10.



CONSTITUTION OF THE STUDENT BODY

of the

California School of Mechanical Arts.

Preamble.

In order to further the interests of student activities in the California School of Mechanical Arts, we, the students thereof, do ordain this the Constitution of the Student Body of the California School of Mechanical Arts.

Article I. Name.

The name of this association shall be the Student Body of the California School of Mechanical Arts.

Article II. Members.

Section 1. All students in attendance at the California School of Mechanical Arts shall be members of this Association and shall be regarded as such by this Association.

Sec. 2. Graduates and teachers of the California School of Mechanical Arts shall be honorary members of the Student Body.

Article III. Officers.

Section 1. The officers of the Student Body shall be a President, a Secretary, a Yell Leader, a Board of Control, and an Editor and a Manager of the Tiger.

Sec. 2. The officers of the Student Body shall serve for one school year. The incoming officers may be installed by the outgoing officers any time after their election. Should the outgoing officers fail to install their successors, the incoming officers shall take up their duties at the beginning of the ensuing term.

Article IV. President.

Section 1. The duties of the President shall be to:

(a) Call and preside at all regular and special meetings of the Student Body.

(b) Sign all duly authorized warrants on the Student Treasury of C. S. M. A.

(c) Have a deciding vote in case of a tie on the Board of Control.

(d) Exercise power of veto on acts of the Board of Control.

(e) Perform such other duties as may be necessary.

(f) Preside at meetings of the Board of Control.

Sec. 2. He shall be elected annually by the Student Body.

Article V. Secretary.

Section 1. The duties of the Secretary shall be:

(a) To keep an accurate written account of all business transacted by the Student Body and by the Board of Control.

(b) To issue and sign all warrants approved by the Board of Control.

(c) To sign receipts for all moneys received on account of this Association and to deposit said moneys with Student Treasury of C. S. M. A.

(d) To keep an accurate account of all receipts and disbursements passing through his hands, and to post a detailed quarterly report of such receipts and disbursements on the school bulletin board and allow it to remain there at least one week (five school days).

Sec. 2. He shall be elected annually by the Board of Control.

Article VI. Yell Leader.

Section 1. The Yell Leader shall lead all rooting.

Sec. 2. He shall be elected annually by the Student Body.

Sec. 3. He shall have power to appoint one assistant.

Article VII. Board of Control.

Section 1. The members of the Board of Control shall be as follows:

(a) President of Student Body.

(b) Vice-President elected from and by the Board of Control.

(c) Secretary of Student Body.

(d) Three delegates from each class, one of whom shall be a girl.

Sec. 2. Members of the Board of Control shall serve for one year, except as hereinafter provided.

Sec. 3. Powers and Duties: The Board of Control shall have the following powers and duties:

(a) To make and amend rules and by-laws for the government of the Student Body and the Board of Control.

(b) To propose amendments to the Constitution.

(c) To make and enforce penalties for violation of the Constitution, By-Laws, or other rules of the Student Body or Board of Control.

(d) To investigate and decide upon each and every application for recognition as a Student Body activity.

(e) To determine what form of athletic sports shall be recognized by the Student Body and to supervise same.

(f) To have complete control of all Student Body finances.

(g) To provide for the filling of vacancies as they may occur in the offices of the Student Board or Board of Control.

(h) To arrange and supervise inter-class sports.

(i) To award suitable honors to school and class athletes and representatives.

(j) To place before the Student Body measures vetoed by the President.

Article VIII. Tiger.

Section 1. The official organ of the Student Body shall be a quarterly magazine called "The Tiger."

Sec. 2. The duties of the Editor and the Business Manager shall be respectively to:

(a) Edit and manage the Tiger.

(b) Appoint their assistants.

Sec. 3. The Editor and the Business Manager shall be elected annually by the Student Body.

Article IX. Duties and Privileges of Members of the Student Body.

Section 1. Duties: To contribute (as provided for in the By-Laws) toward the support of Student Body activities.

Sec. 2. Privileges:

(a) To address the Board of Control at any of its meetings.

(b) To compel the President of the Student Body to call a meeting of the Student Body

THE TIGER

within one week (five school days) by presentation to him of petition signed by forty members of the Student Body, and in the event of his failing to do so, the first signer of the petition may, by posting a notice three days prior thereto, call a meeting of the Student Body, and in the absence of the President, or his unwillingness or failure to preside, may preside over said meeting as temporary chairman.

(c) To put before the Student Body for a ballot any proposition which has previously been twice rejected by the Board of Control, upon the producing of a petition signed by fifty members of the Student Body.

Article X. Finance.

Section 1. All funds belonging to the Student Body shall be administered by the Board of Control through the Student Treasury of C. S. M. A.

Sec. 2. The Student Treasury of the C. S. M. A.:

(a) The Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. shall consist of a member of the faculty appointed by the Principal, who shall hold in trust the money of the Student Body.

(b) The Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. shall issue receipts for all moneys received.

(c) The Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. shall keep an accurate account of all receipts and disbursements, and simultaneously with the financial report of the Secretary, as provided in Article V, Sec. (d), shall post a quarterly report of such receipts and disbursements on the school bulletin board and allow it to remain there at least one week (five school days).

(d) The Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. shall pay out money belonging to the Student Body only upon warrants signed by the President and Secretary of the Student Body.

Sec. 3. Finances of affiliated organizations: All organizations or activities seeking recognition or affiliation with the Student Body shall deposit their moneys with the Student Treasury of C. S. M. A. Money thus deposited may be drawn from the Student Treasury upon order of the President and Secretary of the organization to which it belongs.

Article XI. Committees.

Section 1. There shall be the following Standing Boards and Committees:

(a) Advisory Board.

(b) Grounds and Property Committee.

Sec. 2. The Advisory Board shall consist of the Principal and two other members of the faculty to be chosen by the Principal.

Sec. 3. The Grounds and Property Committee shall consist of three members, one of whom shall be on the Board of Control.

Sec. 4. All committees, standing and temporary, shall conduct their business subject to the supervision of the Board of Control, and shall serve until their successors are appointed.

Article XII. Meetings, Elections.

Section 1. There shall be a regular meeting of the Student Body on the third Friday before Senior Week, when feasible. Other meetings or rallies may be held at any time at the call of the President or as hereinbefore set forth.

Sec. 2. Nominations shall be made and, when necessary, ballots cast for officers of the Student Body at the regular annual meeting of the Student Body.

Sec. 3. The class delegates to the Board of Control shall be elected from their several classes by the end of the third week of the new term. (Freshman, for a term of three months, at the expiration of which time a second election shall be held to elect Freshman delegates to serve for the remainder of the year.)

Sec. 4. In all meetings of Student Body or Board of Control "Roberts' Rules of Order" shall be considered authority on parliamentary law and procedure.

Article XIII. Amendments, Measures, Etc.

Section 1. Measures proposed to the Student Body by members or by the Board of Control, as hereinbefore provided, must pass by a two-thirds vote of members assembled.

Section 2. Amendments to this Constitution may be proposed by the Board of Control, or by members, as provided by Article IX, Sec. 2, part (c), and must pass by a two-thirds vote of members assembled.

Sec. 3. This Constitution shall be effective when adopted section by section by a majority of the Student Body in regular assembly.

Adopted September 5, 1906, by assembled Student Body.

EDGAR RANDALL,
WILLIAM HENDERSON,
LOU HOUSTON,
Committee.





THE TIGER

W. EDGAR RANDALL, '07.....Editor
LESTER C. UREN, '07.....Manager

Assistant Editors.

Arnold T. Brown, '07.....Literature
Ashleigh Simpson, '09.....Exchanges
Ernest Thompson, '07.....
Lester Thompson, '07.....Athletics
Ada Roos, '07.....
Ralph H. Ensign, '08.....Joshes
Romer Shawhan, '07.....
Lou Knell, '07.....School Notes
Henry Mikkelsen, '07.....Shop Notes
Clinton Allsopp, '07.....Art
William Beatty, '09.....

Assistant Business Managers.

Paul Miller, '08.....George Payne, '08
Fred Hornick, '10

The Tiger is published every quarter by the students of the California School of Mechanical Arts (founded by James Lick), at 16th and Utah Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Subscriptions — \$1.00 per annum. Single copies, 25c.

Advertising rates upon application to Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter August 22, 1904, at the postoffice at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Exchanges address to C. S. M. A., 16th and Utah Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

Some of the under-classmen have become known to outsiders as members of the "Lick High." Even the city dailies have printed news of the "Lick High."

That is going to stop right away. Our official title is the California School of Mechanical Arts. Letting people get into the habit of calling our school a "High School" gives them unconsciously an erroneous idea of the place. "L. H. S." stands for a great many things that Lick School will never stand for.

So try and remember this little hint, and the next time any one speaks of the "Lick High School," gently, but firmly, persuade him to remove the "High."

* * *

School Spirit

The track manager had been busy for two weeks trying to get a load of cinders for the track. The track as it stands would make a good companion with Sixteenth Street.

Manager Allsopp came to me Friday

Who Are We, Anyway?

Lately a great deal too much talk has been made of the "Lick High School."

and said, "Well, I have those cinders at last, but the next thing is how will we get them here?"

He said he would have a four-horse wagon here at seven o'clock Saturday morning and that a lot of fellows would be there to go along and help.

I arrived here at seven o'clock; he came later. Only one fellow had arrived. Why? The answer is easy. Those poor little mama's boys were at home hugging the fire. Now, if a fellow's word is not any better than that, he had better keep it to himself.

Allsopp managed to get one more fellow and that made three. At last we had to go with the manager.

We rode from school to the end of California Street. The cinders were next to the Italian Cemetery and on a sand hill.

Later on five more fellows came, and that made eight. One of those had to leave in half an hour or lose his place. That left seven, and we had to shovel those five tons of cinders four times to get them in the wagon. During this work the San Francisco heavens or the Italian ghosts were raining down water by the bucketful.

The fellows were all jolly and an occasional "Alebibo" could be heard, or some one saying "Here is a baron tooth," or "I wonder what nobleman this watch fob belonged to."

At last everything was ready, the driver in his seat and we started. The wagon moved about two feet and sank to the axle in the sand. Those horses wouldn't pull together, so there we were, or, rather, the wagon was, to stay.

To tell the truth, in that bunch of fellows not one smiled or said a word for several seconds. As the saying is, "you could have heard a pin drop" right there in the sand. The first words were "Take

hold of a wheel." We dug out from under the wheels and exerted all our strength to help, but no, that wagon was frozen to the sand.

The smile did not return to any face. We had planned on those cinders Monday. They surely would not be there, as the tongue of the wagon was broken and the team returned home. When the tongue broke it broke off all hope right there. It was "the straw that broke the camel's back." After this we propped up the wheels so as to make a good start when they were taken out by another team. Then we returned to different places. Some went home and some went to work.

Not one of those eight fellows escaped without being wet through. We had all given it up but Allsopp. He surely stayed with it till he had the team home. Thanks to him the wagon load of cinders is standing in front of the Wilmerding gate and we will soon have some training on cinders.

Ralph L. Hupp, '09.

* * * *

The foregoing little yarn, which happens to be absolutely true, is inserted here for the same reason that Lincoln told his little stories—to illustrate some phase of a question. It so happens that this one covers the whole subject. However that may be The Tiger wants to draw a little editorial moral therefrom—"Stay with it, boys!"

Stay with it! See that your work is completed. Outside of school the man who counts is the Ryan that carries the message to Garcia. In school life it is the Barney Allsopp who gets the cinders to the track on time. Barney shook a leg and got there. So you do the same. Now read Hupp's article again.

The Poster Trouble

Much had been discussed amongst the students during the last two years about the "Poster Evil." But little had been accomplished, however, until that memorable speech of Mr. Merrill's in the Hall.

The very fact that results have ac-

rued since then proves that the right stuff exists in the great body of students, and we trust that never again will we be obliged to resort almost to calling names to remember that we forget ourselves sometimes.

In Memoriam

Jean McNeil

Class '07



Courier, Strictly speaking, the
Boise, Idaho. Courier impresses one with the fact that it is black and white. No yellow in the make-up. Art, energy and attractive features are not predominant; still it is just such a paper as one would anticipate. No surprises in it, unpleasant, or otherwise. That happy medium is far better than the extremes to which high-school journalism is sometimes inclined to run.

Sotoyoman, A flaring cover de-
Healdsburg, Cal. sign, upon which is seen the half-Japanese, half-Indian name, "Sotoyoman," capping a sunset resembling the flag of Japan, and which is gazed upon by two American Indians. A wealth of poetry is concealed in that picture. The general make-up of the paper is rather scattered, still it could be worse.

Journal, Upon looking
Girls' High, S. F., Cal. through this paper, the old-time question arises, "Are women superior to men?" or, rather, are young women superior to young men? Certain it is that few papers edited by "youth" can compare with the G. H. S.

Substantial is the word we begin with, praise is the middle and with sensibility we end the wholesome sandwich.

Comus, The spirit of the
Zanesville, Ohio. school back of this paper is expressed in the very first page, which is a double leaf photograph of the football team. Good stories and some jokes follow behind the husky eleven.

E. H. S. Record, Is surely a progres-
Boston, Mass. sive paper. Life of the students runs at random between the two red covers. Good jokes, the kind you can laugh at, are easily found, and an eagle eye for exchange jokes plays up the following:

Simple Life—Doing your own work.

Strenuous Life—Doing some other fellow's work.

Modern Life—Getting some other fellow to do your work.

Spinster, "Oh, fudge," would be
Portland, Ore. the first remark upon picking up this little book. But, after all, fudge is not bad candy; and neither is the book. "Short and sweet."

Wild Cat,
Los Gatos, Cal. Have you ever been to Los Gatos? No? Well, Los Gatos : to California :: 1 : 1000000. Just the same Los Gatos is a delightful little town and has a high school which is capable of producing a paper on a standard with any metropolitan production.

Gleaner,
Pawtucket, R. I. It is not capable of bursting its covers with material. What's there is surely there. But where is there more that ought to be there? And is there?

Whetstone,
Nashville, Tenn. Was well praised for a simple cover design in the last edition of the Tiger. This time the cover is even more simple, which, of course, is good, but you know, the Irishman says "That even though all whisky is good some is better."

Distaff,
Boston, Mass. The Tiger does not copy other paper's criticisms. But what some Eastern publications have said of the Distaff is certainly true, and that is not an echo of a giggle to be found between the pages. Which explodes the theory based on the association of girls, giggles, and gush.

Pennant,
Meriden, Conn. "We don't know nothin'" about Meriden, Conn. But the Pennant speaks for itself. Simplicity, plainness, and effort are apparent from the first page. The management makes the best out of what it can get, which is undoubtedly praiseworthy.

Tripod,
Boston, Mass. "Founded in 1645" seems to be honor enough for this journal. A conventional type of paper with a simple cover design and plain arrangement, it deserves consider-

able credit from our hands. We run into "hunks" of Latin, which are, happily, translated for us, else we would wisely nod and turn the page.

Blue and White,
Sacred Heart, S. F., Cal. Does well in calling down a high school of our knowledge for personal remarks at a baseball game. The publication is straightforward, interesting and informing. The active part Sacred Heart has taken in the Call's contest earns the school considerable honor and respect.

Crimson and White,
Albany, N. Y. A padded exchange list is interesting, but is the index to lack of local material. A double cover adds to the neatness of the paper and gives the reader at first glance a feeling of anticipation. There is nothing startling between the double covers, however, to gratify it. The stories are all passing fair. Writing the criticisms of one's self is not the best possible way of building up prestige.

Hyak,
Tacoma, Wash. Charles Dana Gibson is all right, but rather out of place on the cover of a seminary paper. Unlike the Distaff, we might possibly find lurking somewhere between the pages a suggestion of a giggle. Still, it is essentially a girl's paper, and we must not judge too harshly. If it suits the school for which it stands, why should we object?

Wilmerding Life,
San Francisco, Cal. Even though we could we would not criticize a brother—one that has survived the storm of last April with us and bears with us now the "trials and tribulations of a grim and grimy city." The TIGER takes off its hat to you, *Wilmerding Life*, in a spirit akin to the best of brotherhood. Let us try to live and thrive on together.

School Notes.



Recapitulation Rally

The most impressive and best conducted rally ever held at Lick was the commemoration rally, on Friday, December 18, 1906. The purpose of this rally was to commemorate the work of our valiant heroes during the past semester by awarding block L's. The spirit displayed was little short of marvelous. From 1 until 3:30 the students gave their undivided attention to the speakers and those receiving L's.

Following a "Big Brackity Ax" President Thompson delivered the opening remarks. "The cause of our past six months of success," he said, "is due, in a great measure to the management we are under. The editor and manager of The Tiger, the captains and managers of the various teams, have all helped to make us successful."

Manager Uren gave information concerning the school paper. He said, in part:

"Never in the history of The Tiger have the students supported it as they have during the past term, and records show that 25 per cent more Tigers have been sold in the last six months than in any other."

Rooting was dwelt upon by Shawhan, who is not thoroughly satisfied with the way the fellows, especially the lower classmen, carry on. The yelling would be much better if every one would follow the leader. That's what he's there for.

Leslie Henry, Lowell, '07, and president of the California Debating League, told us how we "have Lowell skinned a mile." Excellent speaker though he is, he could not find words strong enough to express his attitude toward Lick spirit and fellowship, and mentioned the cause of Lowell's downfall, namely, its social divisions. The position we hold in debating and the individual debater's medal were also spoken of.

The awarding of L's was an impressive ceremony, and will long be remembered by all. As each athlete was called the students responded with three rousing cheers, then the "Victor's Ode" was sung and the hero received the greatest honor the school can give—a block L.

Honors were awarded to the following: Charlie Bell, Leigh Rodges, Capt. Merri-lee, John French, Herbert Johns, '06; Edgar Randall, George Boxtton, "Kid" Perry, J. Graff, "Brick" Mitchell, Ralph Hupp, Lester Thompson, Gregory Padilla, George Bromley, Johnson, "Side Kicker" Weber, Wilfred Sobey, "Pongo" Betolli, "Roseoe" Dietterle, Charley Golcher, Romer Shawhan, Willie Gay, and Jimmie Black.

In order to keep the rally from getting monotonous speeches and songs were brought in.

Harry Dearin explained the good which our school has derived through the organization of the student body and Mr. Merrill's consideration of all matters pertaining to athletics, etc.

By special request John French sang his song, entitled, "Crystal Ruins." After being encored he received a bouquet of carnations. On receiving his L he told what a pleasure it was to work for Lick and how appropriate the name "Tigers" was for the "Lickites." He said: "When a tiger is out in the field playing with his mates, he is as kind, loving, and gentle as he can be, but when he is crossed he becomes vicious and dangerous. It's the same at Lick. When anybody treats us right we return their kindness, but if they treat us mean we dig right into them."

Randall received his L with the simple words, "Brothers and sisters, I thank you." In regard to the school paper he said that The Tiger stands first amongst the high school papers of the United States and he intends keeping up the good work.

Stated briefly, Padilla thanked his "brothers and sisters," praised '08's class spirit, "knocked" the freshman class, and told us that "Bromley is no common, ordinary bum."

After receiving an L and a vote of thanks for his all-around good work, Bromley took the rostrum with an air of dignity and proceeded to expound the disadvantages of the "Blue Blank" system."

According to the Blue Blank system, any student wishing to participate in athletics must have a satisfactory standing in his studies. Theoretically this system seems very good, but practically, and according to Bromley, it has proven very inefficient.

Another subject which is of interest to the school was spoken of by Bettoli, namely, "Students taking part in inter-scholastic meets should not be connected with outside clubs." In this statement he expressed the sentiments of the majority of the students.

As a fitting climax to this never-to-be-forgotten rally, Mr. Merrill was called upon, by unanimous vote, to present a block L to President Ernest Thompson of the Student Body. Following the first notes of the "Victor's Ode" the entire student body arose and Mr. Thompson was crowned with as great honor as the school is able to give.

Overcome with emotion his only words were, "I thank you."

The closing Ah Be Bo went the limit. It fairly made the walls tremble.

A short athletic rally was held on February 8, 1907. The main object of the meeting was to award the San Francisco athletic medals.

Following the opening yell, President Thompson and A. Brown reminded the students of the cross-country run on February 22, and urged the fellows to train hard and bring home that cross-country cup.

Manager Allsopp, of the track team, called for volunteers to help spread the cinders on the track and asked the fellows, especially the freshmen, to try out for the track team.

Nearly all the medals awarded by the San Francisco Athletic League came to Lick. The victors were as follows: Golcher, Butler, Betolli, Allsopp, Sobey, Padilla, Knox, Bell, Lodge, L. Thompson, Hupp, "and then another locust came and took away another grain," it was E. Thompson.

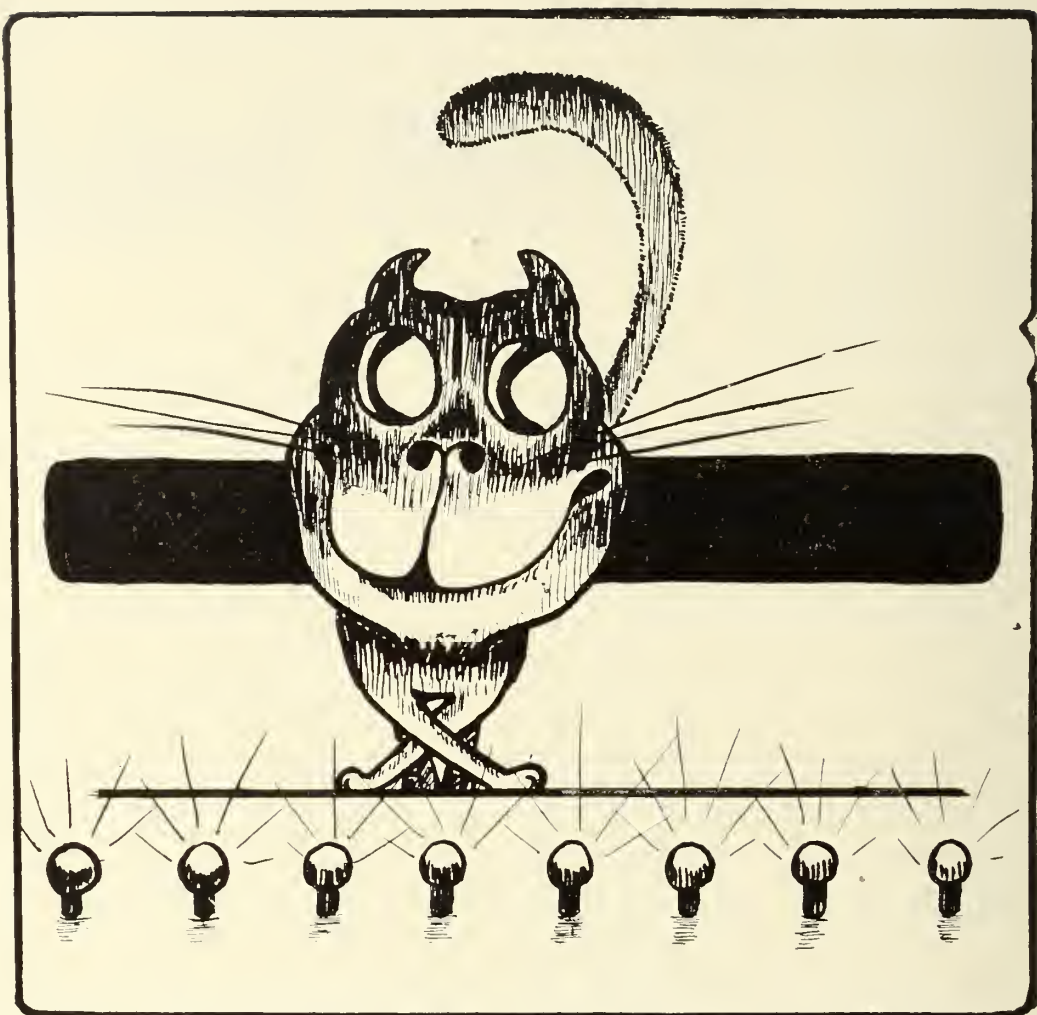
The meeting adjourned as usual.

The boat ride given by the Senior Class last December was a most successful affair. As the football boys would say, "I had a peachy time."

The steamer Montecello was decorated with Black and Gold bunting and long

Medal Rally

Senior Tug Party



**LICK
MINSTRELS**

March 22

GET IN LINE !

streamers of the same were hoisted on the flagpole. The boat left the wharf at 10 o'clock in the morning. First a ride out to the Heads and then along by Sansalito, Belvedere, Tiburon, and San Quentin, then up to El Campo, where the party landed.

They journeyed to the dance hall, piano and all, with instructions to come back to the boat for luncheon when the whistle blew. After a most enjoyable feast on board the boat they went back to the picnic grounds and enjoyed themselves in a real picnic way, dancing and swinging and gathering ferns.

They boarded the Montecello again at 3:30 and had a most delightful voyage up around Vallejo and Mare Island Navy Yard. The amusement on the boat was as great as that on the picnic grounds. The piano was kept going from the time it went on board at the San Francisco ferry until it came back again. Between the singing and piano playing and the chatting and laughing, the party had no time to be dull.

On reaching home every one expressed himself as having had an all-around dandy time. The committee in charge were: Percy Nash, John French, Ada Roos, and Lou Knell.

Senior Dance

The Christmas Senior dance, given at Cogswell Hall on December 13, was the merriest of school dances. The hall was artistically decorated with pennants and greens.

The programs had dark gray covers with the class pin stamped on the front. The music rendered by Hyne's Orchestra came up to the expectation of the young people. As a proof of the good time they were having they were not willing to go home at 12 o'clock, so the dancing continued until 12:30.

The committee in charge were: Ernest Thompson, Marie Winchell, Jack McHenry, and Emmie Henry. Harry Dearin, president of the Senior Class, was floor manager.

Notes

Miss Southwick has not been well for the past few weeks, and will remain absent for some time. We sincerely hope she will be better soon. Miss Southwick's classes will be conducted by Mrs. Huber.

Miss Otto has been troubled with a very bad cold. We hope it will soon leave her so she can be her own jolly self again. (So say we all of us) Senior German class.

Mr. Dick, who has been teaching mathematics here at Lick, has resigned and is traveling for his health. Mathematics is now under the direction of Miss Edwards.

Geraldine Byington, ex-'08, and Blanche Carrau, ex-'08, have left Lick and are now attending Girls' High.

The Camera Club

On account of the inclement weather during the greater part of the past quarter, little activity has been shown in photographic work.

The following officers were installed at the beginning of the year: Payne, president; Miss Roos, vice-president; Boxton, secretary, and Morbio, treasurer, with Miss Bertha Knell as "keeper of the broom and dust pan" and Lester Uren as "chief sink and bottle cleaner." With the above named board of directors it seems impossible to predict anything but the most successful term of the Camera Club. The dark room has been stocked with all necessary supplies. All the leading photographic magazines have been subscribed for, an enlarging camera has been ordered and everything is being done to increase the interest in photography.

An outing is planned for February 22, and if the weather permits there is no reason why the members should not obtain many good views for the annual photographic contest. This contest offers big inducements, as large cash prizes are to be awarded for the best work.

Here's your chance if you own a camera. No better opportunity has been

offered at twice the price. If your income allows just pay two bits a month to the Camera Club and watch it grow.

Alumni

The time has come when the undergraduate students of the Lick School look forward to the time when they can be admitted into the Alumni Association. And they are rightfully proud when they may wear the Alumni pin, for we have one of the strongest, if not the strongest, "prep. school" alumni on the Coast.

The officers find with surprise and joy that very few of the graduate students do not become active members. Finances have reached such a state in the Alumni that fear of its downfall is never mentioned. The success of the Association is in no small measure responsible to Miss Carrie Dinsmore. Miss Dinsmore has been among the officers for some terms and all feel and see what she has accomplished.

The size of the pin has been reduced—the design remaining the same—and a wearer of a C. S. M. A. A. pin can feel that he possesses something.

On Saturday evening, April 20, 1907, the Association will give an entertainment and dance in order that the graduating class may become acquainted with the proceedings of the older students. The affair will be given at New Club Hall, corner of Twenty-first and Howard Streets. The entertainment promises to be a first-class one—one of the numbers being a sextet of singers and dancers composed mostly of recent well-known graduates and two members of the '07 class. With a first-class program and a dance afterward a pleasant evening is expected.

**Alumni
Notes**

"Bill" Main, '06, is working for the Southern Pacific in Bakersfield.

"Bill" Henderson, '06,

is working for the California Gas and Electrical Company in Sacramento.

"Swedo" Meyerink, '06, "Sarah" Hall, '06, and Laurenee Morton, ex-'07, are drawing for the California Gas and Electrical Company.

Frank Murray, '06, "Chic" O'Connor, '05, and Stanley Deacon, '06, are mechanics at the Howard Automobile Company.

Alice English, '06, is staying at home.

Fannie Woodman, '04, is taking up art.

Adele Winchell, '05, is stenographer for the Milton Bradley Publishing Company.

Clifford Curry, '06, is a carpenter in Rhyolite, Nev.

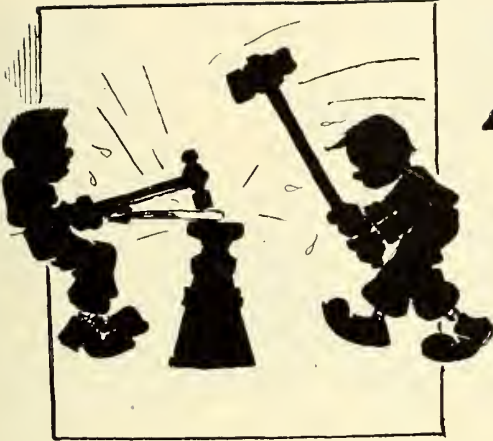
Olive Thorson, ex-'07, is copyist for an insurance company.

Marion Murray, '06, is staying at home.

Arthur Holmes, '06, is constructional engineer for the Rudolph Construction Company.

Visitors

Lick still holds a charm for many of its former students. Those who visited this quarter were: "Bill" Main of the naughty six class; Edna Duffey, ex-'08; Irene Mocker, who has been attending Snell's Seminary ever since leaving the class of '08; Anna Virginia French, ex-'07; Mrs. Gilbert (nee May), ex-'08; William Henderson, '06; Mrs. Kelly (nee Miss Florence Boyd), ex-'09; Miss Josephine Girot, '05; Miss Woodman, formerly of Lick, condescended to come back, and is now registered as a member of the '07 class; "Duke" Draper, '05, and "Ike" Doane, '05, both of whom are now attending the University of California; Irene Lyons, ex-'08; "Chic" O'Connor, '05, and Herbert Johns, U. C., '10, naughty six.



SHOP

✻

NOTES

Wood Work

The freshmen are getting well along into the work of the year, and there seems to be no abatement of the spirit with which they started.

They are at present working hard at lathe and bench, and, incidentally, turning out a good many creditable patterns. Mr. McLeran has been giving the boys a course of lectures on the construction of patterns, the results of which are readily showing themselves in the work of the year. Aside from this they have constructed over fifty foundry boxes, thus adding several years to the length of Mr. Lacoste's life.

In the meanwhile the apprentices have not been idle. Canham is finishing up a complete set of patterns for an eighteen horse-power gas engine, and is preparing to start in on a new set of patterns for a 4x6 hoist.

Henald has been busy on outside work, and has also done a good deal of repairing on some of the larger patterns.

Mikkelson, the pattern-maker of course 12, has been repeating his work of last quarter and has shown a marked improvement. With the beginning of the quarter we expect to find him permanently installed as shop superintendent.

Forge Work

Mr. Mathis has at last succeeded in conducting the second-year boys through the mysterious process of welding and they are now applying their knowledge of this in the construction of tongs.

Since the graduation of Gardner and Flynn at Christmas, no big work has been turned out. Gardner is employed at the Union Iron Works at present.

Foundry

The foundry students have had plenty of opportunity to try their hands at outside work this quarter, and they have made a remarkably good showing.

Mr. Lacoste is patiently waiting for the core machine which is being constructed

in the machine shop, and if he lives up to all his promises there will certainly be "something doing" when it arrives.

Machine Shop The Juniors are finishing up the cap screws and are beginning on their brass and chuck work.

There has been a good deal of outside work in the shop this quarter, and some very creditable pieces of work have been turned out, among which are a drill press, a special drill press, several pipe cut-off machines, and a bench shear.

Among the larger pieces of work which are nearing completion is a 4x6 mining hoist. This is quite a complicated job and is a credit to the shop.

Clapp has been doing some creditable work this quarter on some of the larger jobs.

There has been no scarcity of motors since the fire. This has afforded an excellent opportunity for those taking up electrical work, as the motors have to be practically made over.

Sewing Since Miss Crittendon has been able to give her undivided attention to the girls of the sewing class, a great deal of work has been done and done well.

According to Miss Crittendon the work has been exceptionally good, each girl taking an interest in her work, complimentary both to teacher and pupil.

By June 14 each girl will have completed the required set of garments.

The second-year class is busy learning the mysteries of millinery. They are at present making winter hats, some of which any girl might be proud to wear. It is hoped that before long there will be an opening day for the display of millinery.

The Juniors are still working on the infant outfits. Some very dainty little

dressess are just being completed.

The Seniors, not to be outdone by the other classes, are working hard on the new flag, which is eight by fifteen feet, and will have, when finished, forty-six stars. The forty-sixth star is for Oklahoma, the new State which will join the Union July 4, 1907.

Cooking The cooking class has been progressing very rapidly in its work of late, having completed the breakfast menus and being well along in the menus for the luncheons included in the work for the quarter.

Miss Robinson, who believes in the practical as well as the theoretical side of cooking, has the class cook and serve a luncheon every Wednesday to some invited guest.

The skill of the cooking class was shown to advantage in the luncheon given to the teachers on St. Valentine's day.

The color scheme was very prettily carried out in red and white. Red and white carnations composed the centerpiece. Red heart-shaped favors were at each plate. Each contained a little verse appropriate to the day and the recipient.

Red-shaded candles lighted an exceptionally pretty luncheon, which will be long remembered by the faculty.

Another little luncheon, a rather novel affair, was given on February 21, in honor of Washington's birthday. It was in the form of a box luncheon. At each plate was placed a separate luncheon in a prettily decorated box, the customary little hatchet forming part of the decoration. A dainty American flag, covering the box, gave the correct patriotic touch to the occasion.

The table was dainty and attractive in its garb of spring flowers, pretty setting for a luncheon and fully appreciated by all present.



Baseball

The outlook for this season for baseball is very bright. The Naught Six baseball team would have added to the victories of 1905 and undoubtedly have given the school two wins on the cup, which is now in Lick's possession.

By graduation the school lost Captain Arthur Hall, whose four years' experience behind the bat earned for him the title of "Solomon of the Team." His vacancy will be hard to fill. We also lost Jerome Barican, who could always be relied upon in a tight place. Griffith and Mailotte, third and short, respectively, would have developed into stars this year, as it was hard to find their equal in high school circles last year.

Of last year's team, we have left Gay and Aeton for the field and Boyd, Bell, and Captain Dearin for the infield.

The squad is making up for any handicap it may have by showing a disposition for hard, conscientious work, which will

do more towards winning than if the team was composed of nine individual stars. With Charlie Bell in the box and Graff and Boyd on the receiving end we will have a battery which will hold its own this year. Ernest Thompson, who played good ball in the practice games last season, will undoubtedly make a good bid for first base. Muheim, Percival, Shawhan, Mitchell, Merrilees, Greenberg, and Newton will make plenty of rivalry for the vacant positions in the field, while Gallagher, Ruebke, Frank Brown, Rodgers, and Sobey constitute some good material for the infield.

The team is fortunate in having a good manager, Bachelder, as our schedule of practice games show:

Anderson's Academy, February 3; St. Matthews, February 10; Santa Clara, February 23; Napa, March 2; Centerville, March 9; Belmont, March 16; Ukiah, March 30. This ends our practice games, and April 6 Lick plays Wilmerding in its first league game.

Track

This year finds an unusual number of aspirants in the spiked shoes and white breeches, and the task of picking the best twelve or fifteen from the sixty odd fellows will not be an easy one. Many of the first and second year fellows are showing up well and some of the upper-class men who heretofore have held themselves aloof are trying hard for the team, and it looks as if some of the old team men will have to 'go some' to make their place.

The hundred-yard dash will be well protected. Golcher is in good shape, nuf ced, and Bettoli, Baxter, Butler, and Hupp can all run close to 10:2.

The two-twenty also looks good. From Butler, Hupp, Golcher, Randall, and Guerin we should get at least first and second-place men.

The four-forty is in question. Padilla, Graff, Allsopp, Bromley, and Ebright all are trying.

The 880 is always a good race for Lick. G. Padilla, Lester and Ernest Thompson, Bromley, and Newton are the most likely candidates.

In the mile we have Little, L. Thompson, Lodge, Daniels, Brown, and Kuchel.

The Two-Mile—Lodge, Brown, Noyes, Cortelyou, L. Thompson, and Raber will try.

The Hurdle Races—Allsopp, Bromley, and Black will try the high ones, and Allsopp, E. Thompson, Jimmie Black, and Percival are getting their form down on the low.

The High Jump—Hupp, Sobie, Cortelyou, Furlong, and Bromley will be up in the air.

The Broad Jump—Sobie, Hupp, Gourley, and Branstetter are getting the take-off and landing out near the twenty-foot mark.

The Weights—Bell, Graff, Boxtan, and Merrilees are out.

Pole Vault—Butler, Hupp, and Perry are trying.

Fifty-Yard Dash—Dearborn, Baxter, Branstetter, Henderson, Tooker, Bettoli, Hirschfeldt, and others will try to break the track record.

In this game the Tigers far outclassed their opponents, and the only feature of the game was the batting of the visitors. Charles Bell pitched and Graff caught, both showing form of old timers. The other positions were covered by E. Thompson, first base; Ruebke, second; Dean, shortstop; Gallagher, third; Gay, Acton and Muheim in the field. Boyd relieved Graff in the sixth inning. Score: Lick, 31; Anderson, 2.

The Anderson Game
February 3.

This proved a very exciting game. Things looked good for St. Matthews with seven of its last year's team in the line-up. There was no score up to the fifth inning, when St. Matthews scored the first run. Lick started the sixth with a rush, tallying two runs before being retired and adding one in the seventh and another in the ninth. St. Matthews took a brace in the last of the ninth and made the outcome doubtful until Dearin threw out a man on third, ending the game.

The good pitching of Graff was the feature of the game, only allowing three hits off his delivery. Lick's line-up: Boyd, catcher; F. Brown, first; Ruebke, second; Gallagher, third; Dearin, shortstop; Shawhan, Hohweisner, and Percival in the field. Final score: Lick, 4; St. Matthews, 3.

Manager Allsopp has been industriously trying to arrange some outside meets, and in all probability will be able to get one with Fresno and one with Santa Cruz. Besides these

Trips

there is the annual interscholastic held at Stanford which the team will attend with both feet. Those who went to Stanford last year had a keen time and are more than anxious to be among the lucky ones again.

Besides trying hard to bring home some other trophies, the boys are going to put up a finish fight to retain the relay cup won at the Stanford meet last year.

The meets in general this year will be even and interesting. The spring meets always exceed those held in the fall of the year, and it is a noticeable fact that when records are lowered it is usually in the spring.

Lick will be with the top-notchers in every meet and in almost every event, and by the time Perry has our cup case finished we hope to have several new cups for it.

Tennis Owing to the poor condition of the Lick court and also to the weather, not much progress has been made in tennis.

Mr. Merrill has just had some gravel put on the court and we expect to have the best court in the city.

Now it remains to get the net, and we hope that the Board of Control will supply the necessary means.

The tennis material in the school is of an unknown quality. There is not one boy in school who has ever played in an academic match.

Although the loss of Hotchkiss and Gabriel is keenly felt, a good team should be developed, especially in the doubles.

Guerin and Easton are the only boys in school who have had tournament experience, but a number of fellows are daily practicing at the courts and a new champion may be looked for.

Although Lowell, who has held the

championship for a number of years, has lost her star player, Mel Long, she still has a formidable support in McLaughlin, and the Lick boys will have to extend themselves to cope with the Lowell crack.

The prospects for a good doubles seem brighter than the singles, as Lowell has not two players of the same ability.

If a good player can be developed to play with Guerin we may hope to annex the title. The following are trying for the team: Guerin, Rogers, Bray, Easton, Kuchel, Carriek, and Kennedy.

Basket Ball Although basket ball is not one of Lick's major sports, the prospects for turning out a first-class team seem exceedingly bright. The team will be made up of new men with the exception of Captain Bromley, who has been a prominent player for a number of years.

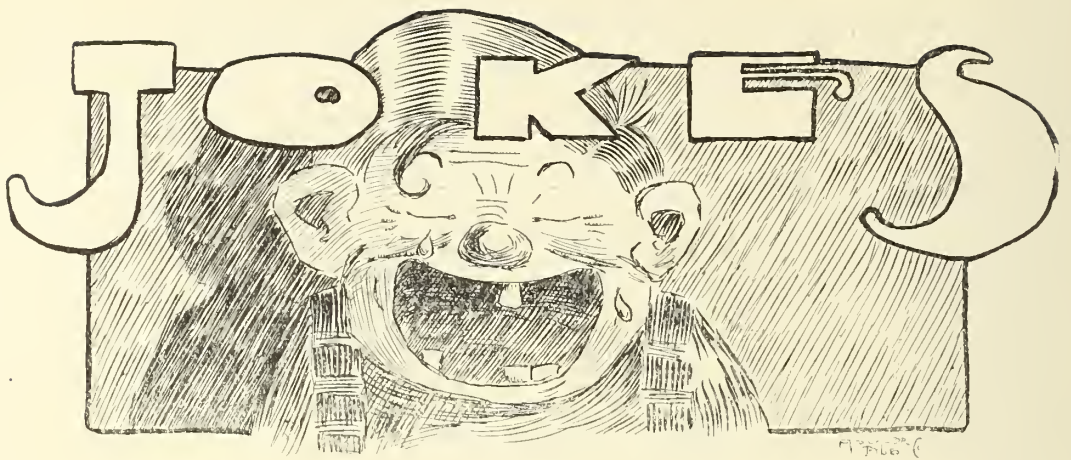
For some unknown reason basket ball is not supported by the students as it should be. The captain has a hard time getting enough boys together to form two teams, and there is little or no competition among the squad for places on the team.

It is hard to understand why basket ball is not as popular as it should be. At any rate, more boys should show up for practice and help the team along.

Captain Bromley has secured the Young Men's Hebrew Association Gymnasium on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons for practice. The men who are trying for the team are as follows: Captain Bromley, McHenry, Gardiner, Easton, Guerin, Whaley, Eveleth, and Brown.

At the time of writing the league games have not begun. Lick's schedule is as follows:

March 5, Lick vs. Lowell; March 9, Lick vs. Poly; March 10, Lick vs. Wilmerding; March 23, semi-finals; March 30, finals.



First Student—Have much trouble getting to school this morning?

Second Absorber of Knowledge—No, it was dead easy. Only one ear was wrecked.

First S.—Anyone hurt?

Second S.—Nope. The people were packed in so tight that only a few of the outer layers were scratched.

First Senior—What's that ponderous volume that you are carrying?

Second Senior—That's a Theoretical Psychological Anthropology.

First S.—Do you take all that.

Second S.—Certainly not, but it's a peach to show the old man.

The Charge of the Students

Mud to right of them,
Mud to left of them,
Mud all around them,
School to be found by them;
Storm'd at with rain and mud,
Falling with many a thud
Into pools of mud,
But finally into school

Floundered Five Hundred.

—H. J. Guerin, '09.

The Fable of the Nice Boy

Or Why Reggie Went Elsewhere

Once upon a time, so the story runs, the Mother of a Nice Boy was undecided whether to send her son to Lick or to the Other School, and after seeing the heads of both schools she determined to see the fellows that her son was to study with.

She visited the Other School first and at noon she was delighted to see that all of the young gentlemen moved around the building in the peaceful stillness of a graveyard in the dull season. If one moved out of a walk, he was immediately "frowned home" by his dignified companions.

Next day found her in company of a guide on a tour of the Lick buildings. But what a change! Her face wore a horrified expression and she seemed almost overcome.

"What is the meaning of that disturbance?" she asked, pointing with her umbrella to a small but active knot of boys in various fashioned suits from overalls to corduroys.

"They are playing a game called,

'Apples! Apples! Who threw the apple core?' " answered the guide.

"Take me away," shuddered the lady.

As she passed through the basement she saw two fellows mounted on a narrow "bike rack" and making frantic efforts to knock each other off. They were surrounded by a howling mob of fanatics who, if yells counted for anything, were having the time of their lives.

But suddenly a door opened and a large man, armed with a gaspipe, dashed forth upon the crowd and thundered, "Clear out of here, you fellows. You're too noisy!" They melted like magic and the husky gentleman retired to his den.

"The faculty even," whispered the lady and walked slowly to the door.

As she mounted the stairs to the street she saw a very small crowd of handsome young men talking to a few young ladies.

"The **one** redeeming feature of Lick so far," she snorted.

But the worst was yet to come. As she glanced up the street it seemed to be filled with a huge black, gold, and red snake, which wound its way noisily from curb to curb to a lively tune from the Lick-Wilmerding band. At the head of this howling mob skipped, with the grace of a rhinoceros, a huge shape crowned with a bright-red bandana. The music stopped and the head of the snake seemed to look around for a victim. He also seemed to see one, for another large "gentleman" was engulfed by the snake after a short, sharp chase. A few minutes later he entered the store, supported tenderly by two of the Red Bandana Snake.

"Oh, that's Chief Squaw Fatomona and his Bandidatoes."

She did not wait for a car, but braved the bottomless Sixteenth Street swamp and escaped.

The Dear One went to the Other School.

James B. Black, '08.

In the Shadow of a Pine

I stood in silence, cold and shaking,

In that darkening path.

'Twas a man with rifle pointing;

What did I to arouse his wrath?

There I stood, and shivering stood I,

Listening, waiting with passing time,

When the moon rose from his napping—

'Twas a shadow of a pine.

Ira S. Pearce, I. D.

Prof. of Strength Class.—Can any one suggest a method by which we can obtain better results from our apparatus?

Low Voice (from back of room)—Get a new teacher.

The Red Handkerchief Brigade

This is a new student activity suggested by the success of the "Queener's Club," but run in opposition. The main difference between them is that any one can be a "Queener," while the "Bandits," as they are often called, are one of the most exclusive organizations existing, as no one can enter who does not treat the crowd three times at least. This limits the society to honor members. "Fat" Merrilees was unanimously elected "Big Squaw," while Ensign was chosen court jester and French drum-major. There is much rivalry between Oliver and Perry for the position of Mascot and the votes have not been counted. At the first meeting so much enthusiasm was shown that two windows and a show case were broken.

The insignia consists of a red bandana handkerchief tied about the face or neck to distinguish the member. This also serves to keep their identity unknown to the Freshmen on whom they prey. It is a benevolent society, the object being to prevent the amassing of too much coin among the lower class men and also serves to support the pie founders of the Potrero (?).

It was in the Seattle game. The referee was horrified to see an orphaned head lying in a pool of mud. He seized it by the hair and was glad to find that it was "Commodore" Perry whose body was sunken in the mud.

"You're in deep," he said.

"Worse than you think. I'm standing on Bell's neck."

"Gee! we'll have to dig him out."

"That's not all. He's on top of Graff."

It was April 1 and the little girl came to her and said, "Mama, there is a man upstairs kissing the servant girl." Upon this statement the mother started upstairs to investigate, when the little one cried, "April fool! It's only papa."



"Who Said Lowell?"

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Increase in 133 days	-	-	<u>\$1,343,592.46</u>
Average daily increase	-	-	\$10,102.00

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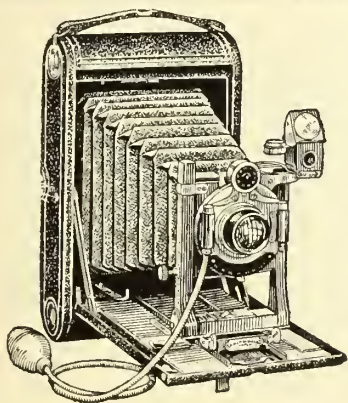
Oh, how I wish that my schooling was like that of our forefathers! How simple was their life! In the morning they arose as late as four o'clock, shouldered a gun, and started for school, a short walk of maybe fifteen miles. Their journey to school was uneventful. Nothing bothered them, save perhaps the numerous Indians and bears.

Contrast it with the modern perils. We study until one o'clock, doze for a few moments, and then start for our temple of learning. We board a car; only ones in desperate haste walk. Our fellow citizens and citizenettes are thoughtful enough to allow us to squeeze one foot on, and the car gallops off on the pretzel-like track. We do not go far before the car stops suddenly. The motorman pulls up part of the floor and finds that the plunker-

floppe is broken and the nut holding the wapperehoke gone. Another hour and we are off. Down a hill we start. The only trouble this time is the failure of the brakes to act, but what of that? There is a brick wagon at the foot to stop us and the conductor is already passing out transfers for "the car following."

So we journey on. Three more hours and the learnatorium is in sight. At last, thanks to good luck, we reach our destination, thankful that only our collar is gone, our "shine" spoiled, and one tear in our coat. It might have been much worse. Gleelessly we start for the building, but alas, the whistle has blown and the doors are locked. Slowly, thoughtfully, we retrace our steps for the home we left the day before.

R. H. E.



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School Life

There is a certain street of mud
In San Francisco, Cal.,
And every day there flounders through
This sloppy old canal
A string of husky mortals
Whose goal is Utah Street;
And when they finally reach the school,
Why whom should they all meet,
But Mr. George A. Merrill,
Whose pastime is to send
All straggling young hopeleses

Right straight back home again.
Then back through all that dismalness
They hasten on their way,
For a happy thought reminds them
That a rink's not far away;
And then through all the morning
They roll along with glee,
For there's nothing else to do
But to skate, as you can see.

—E. Wilkins, '09.

5000
HAT



ONE
PRICE

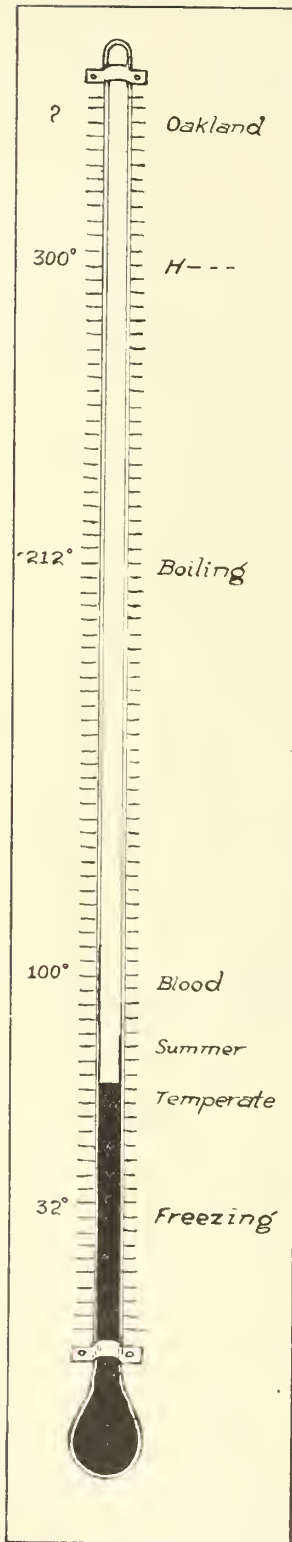
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Freshman — Where did you say Caesar lived?

Sophomore — In Oakland.

Fresh.—Why, I thought he was dead.

Soph.—He is!

The class assembled with the usual din of a Freshman gathering.

“There is too much noise in the room,” roared Professor Witte, shaking a pointer unconsciously toward Noyse, causing thereby a series of loud grins.

“I’d like to tell him not to be so witty,” retaliated Noyse.

There was an '09er named Blair.

Whose brain was as mussed as his hair;

When handed a bucket
To fill up with ‘mucket,’
He went through the shops
on a tear.

He searched through the shops all in vain,
Till “Mac” gave a hint that was plain;

Then back to La Cost,
Said, “The muckets are lost.”

And the class doubled up as in pain.

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The Brick

I stood on a brick at midnight
 As the clocks were striking the hour,
 And saw the car creep slowly
 Behind the dark church tower.

I saw the lamp's reflection
 In the waters under me,
 And my troubled heart was beating
 Like the restless, surging sea.

As far in the hazy distance
 Where I did not care to roam,
 Came the clang of the crowded street car
 Which I hoped would take me home.

Among the deep, black puddles
 The lurching monster creaked,
 Then darkness—an explosion—
 And frightened mortals shrieked.

And sweeping and eddying through
 lakelets
 Fled the belated mass,
 Clasping their hands and moaning
 As vainly they tried to pass.

And as I watched them rushing
 Amongst the mire and mud,
 A flood of rain came o'er me
 And my brick sank with a thud.

And my heart was hot and restless
 And my mind was full of care,
 And unfulfilled my promise
 And I groaned in my despair.

So I tried to cross the river,
 And with infinite pains at last,
 I had reached a step of the street car
 When there came another blast.

Sad and tearful moaned the gripman,
 "I can be no help to you,
 If home you'd be for breakfast,
 Better paddle a canoe."

—*Elsie Boye*, '10.

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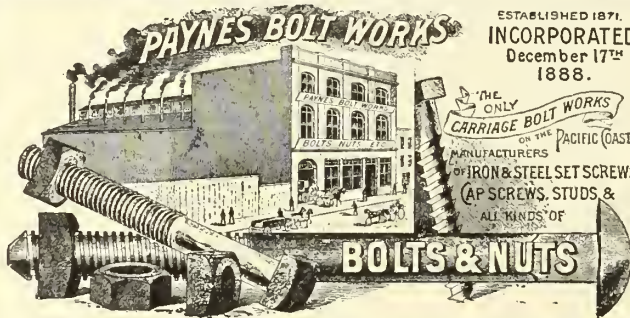
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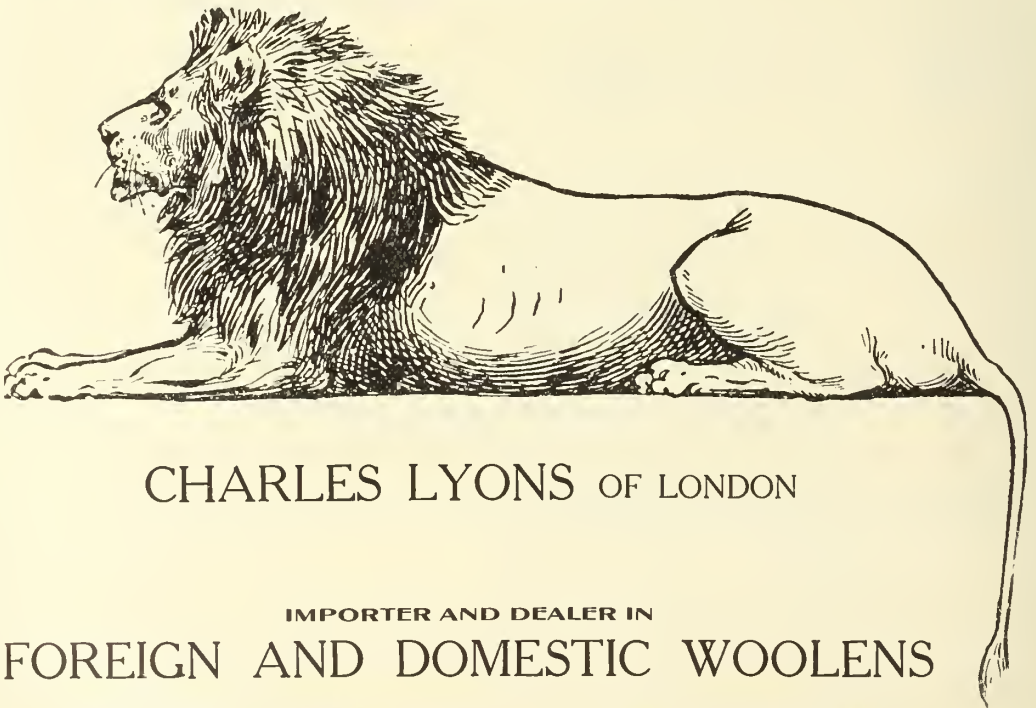
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In Desperation

I.

Here I am in my study

With mind as blank can be,

And the Tiger roars for a verse or two,

But no verse comes to me.

II.

And on the window the rain drops,

Tap, tap, as if to come in;

And at last a thought on my dull brain
knocks,

And I hasten to let it in.

III.

So I'll take the pen and quickly

Before the thought can flee,

Jot down these three little stanzas

Of how empty a mind can be.

—H. Wolff, '08.

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A Gardiner was walking down a Lane by the Clyde when he met a Tuft who let a Block of Wood go Zipf at the Gardiner, and where the Block of Wood Zipfed the Gardiner a lump arose, and he got such a Payne that he grew Wilder than a Wolfe. A Cooley who was standing on the White Bridge of the Clyde saw this Acton the Lane and the Cooley immediately Knox for a Coper who had a Rodda iron. But before the Cop arrives a Crow that flew overhead dropped a Berry in the eye of the Cooley, the force of which Knox him from the Bridge into the Water. But by the time he climbed the Post of the Bridge he was as cold and wet as a day in Winter. So he forgot to tell the Cop about the Tuft's Acton the Lane.

The Cooley shaking with the cold looked around and saw two men appear from behind the Ash Pyle of a nearby coal Bunker. These men were very absurd looking, one dressed in kilts of Green and Black plaids carried a Fife, while the other had a French horn slung from his neck

and an old-fashioned Gunn over his shoulder, and on the side of his head he wore a Brown Capp about the size of a Stein. Upon seeing the poor Cooley in such a wretched plight one blew the Fife and the other tipped the loose Plank upon which he was standing and Downie goes again.

Luckily a Fisher man who had lost his Bate was near and pulled the half-drowned man out. Said Wittily, "Wetmore than enough," and landed him upon a float from which he could safely reach the shore. The Fisher man said: "'Er's the Price, two Nickels. Go Hunt for Coffee, John. Now that y' Erskine is wet, get wet inside." "Thanks velly, velly much." And he hurried to a Coffee house.

He entered and seated himself at a table and a young girl brought him a Sharpstein of Coffee, and with a captivating smile poised a lump of sugar over the cup and said, "Is one Sweet enough?" The Cooley in confusion said, "No sabe," and gulped the hot Coffee which Burned his mouth and he rushed from the Place in misery.

G. H. Kennedy, '08.

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SAN FRANCISCO

When I Was Housekeeper

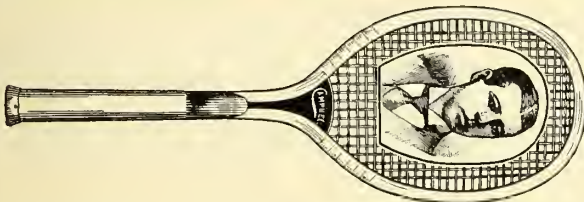
Last week do you know I was housekeeper;
Had a job which I liked hardly well.
I had to run errands, wash dishes,

While the girls did the cooking so swell.
They made lamb croquettes which were
fine,
And that delicate chocolate cake,

While I was so busily dusting,
The girls of that lunch did partake.

But now it has changed for the better;
Tempting recipes we test and try.
I am numbered among the cooking girls,
For housekeeper no longer am I.

—Gertrude Barry, '08.



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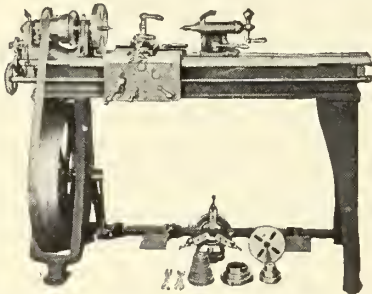
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SAN FRANCISCO

*Jamlet in Two Drams**Scene*—English classroom.*Characters*—Substitute teacher, students, inkwells, etc.*Teacher*—Jones read!*Jones*—Huh?*Teacher*—Read, I said.*Jones*—Ain't got no book.*Teacher*—Fine grammar. Where is your book?*Jones*—Loaned it to Smith.*Teacher*—Smith, where is Jones's book?*Smith*—I sold it.*Teacher*—You may both go to the office.

Brown, read!

Brown—Lost the place—*Teacher*—Page 17, at the top, please.*Brown* (reading)—On the same principle send your—Ouch! Green pinched me!*Teacher*—You two may also go to the office.Curtain.

II.

Scene—Basement.*Brown**Green**Jones**Smith*

}—Match you for a pie!

Curtain.

To "Tiger" Readers

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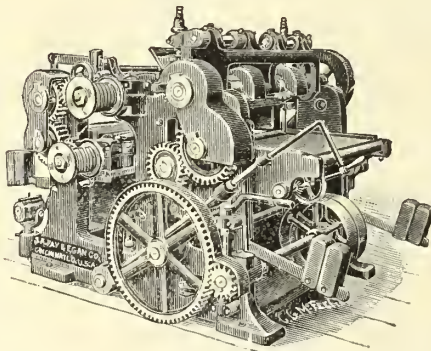
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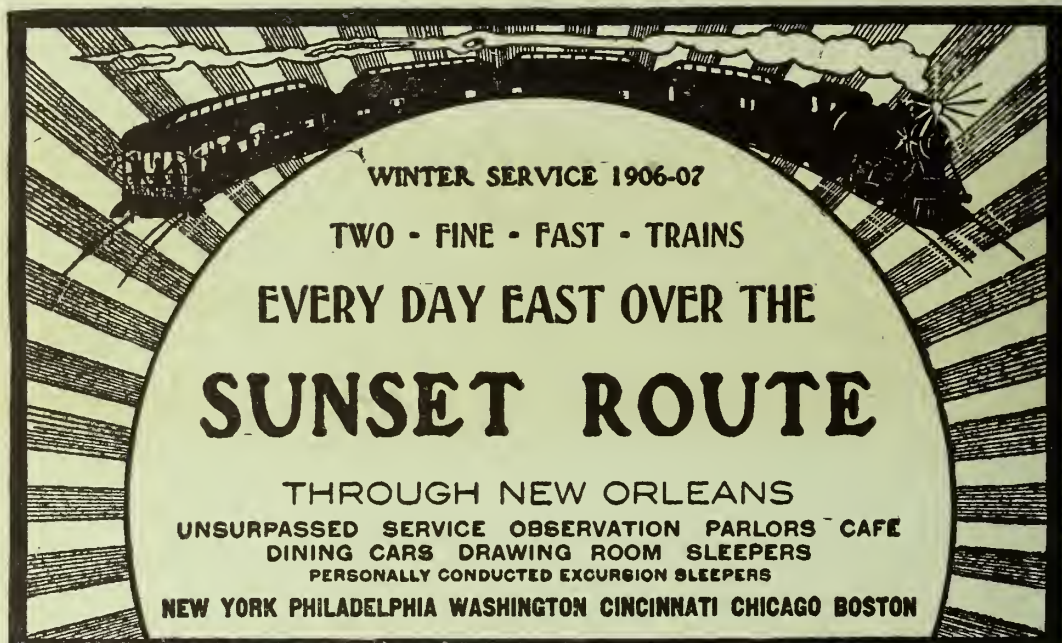
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